

THE STORY OF HIAWATHA





Class PS 2267

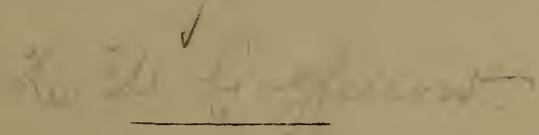
Book A3 S6

Copyright No. _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE STORY
OF
HIAWATHA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT SMITH

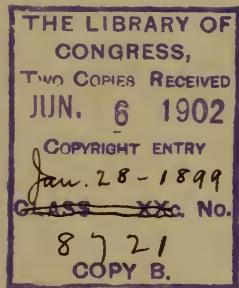


ABRIDGED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS



EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

PE 2267
A3 S6



COPYRIGHTED
BY EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
1899

VALAROUL MINT
2000000000 10

E.A.W. Sept. 28/15
a.m.P., Mar. 27, 1928.





THE STORY OF HIAWATHA.

Many years ago, when the white man first came here, there lived in America a people very different from us.

They did not live in houses as we do.

Their homes, summer and winter,

were tents, called wigwams, made from the bark of the birch tree, or from the skins of animals.

The white men, when they first saw these people, called them Indians or Red-men.

These Red-men lived by hunting or fishing. Their homes were in the deep forests, or by the shores of the many lakes.

When the white man came, cutting down the trees, clearing the land and building houses, the Red-men moved further and further away into the wilderness.

The white men's ways were not their

ways. The Red-man loved to see the trees growing.

He obtained his food and clothing from the animals that lived in their shade. From their wood he made his bows and arrows, cooked the food he ate, and at night often made a bed of their sweet boughs.

From their bark he made a shelter for his wife and children in the winter, and from their trunks a boat to fish with in the summer.

But the white man needed the trees to build his houses, the land to grow his corn, and the streams to run his mills.



Having such different ways they could never get along together, nor did they understand each other.

But to-day we are learning that these strange people knew much about the trees, the flowers and the birds that the white man ought to know.

In the poem of Hiawatha, the poet Longfellow tells us of this out-door life of the Red-men and the beautiful story of one of their chiefs, the noble Hiawatha.



As a child Hiawatha was a pretty little baby; just as pretty as your little baby brother or sister.

Hiawatha's mother, the gentle We-no-nah, died when he was only a few days old.

So his kind old grandmother, No-ko-mis, the daughter of the moon, took the little baby to her own wigwam on the shores of the great lake.



“**B**Y the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of No-ko-mis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.”

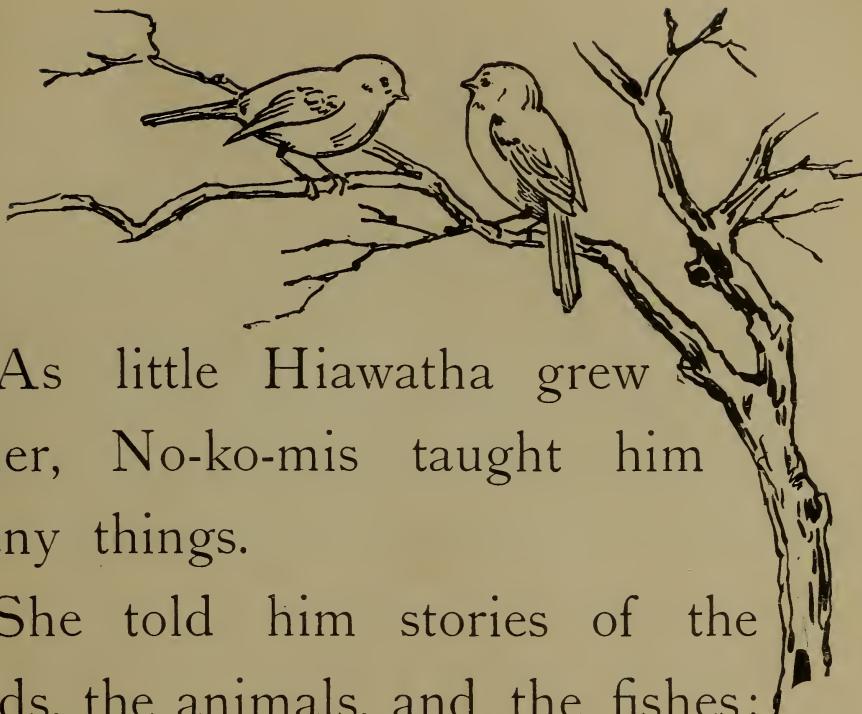
Here his grandma made the motherless little baby a pretty cradle from the branches of the linden tree. She lined it with soft moss and sweet grass.

On summer days, when the winds were warm, she hung the cradle on the low branches of the pine-trees.

The soft wind rocked it gently, and the baby fell asleep to the music of the pines.



“There the wrinkled, old No-ko-mis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews.”



As little Hiawatha grew older, No-ko-mis taught him many things.

She told him stories of the birds, the animals, and the fishes; all that lived in the forest and in the Big-Sea-Water.

And when he was able to run about and play, the birds and squirrels were his playmates.

He was so kind to them that they were not at all afraid of him.

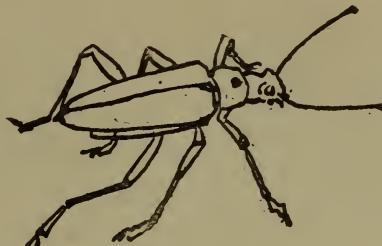


On summer evenings little Hiawatha was very fond of sitting at the door of his grandma's tent, listening to the winds and the water.

As the poet tells us:—

“At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;



“Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song No-ko-mis taught him:
‘Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eye-lids!’



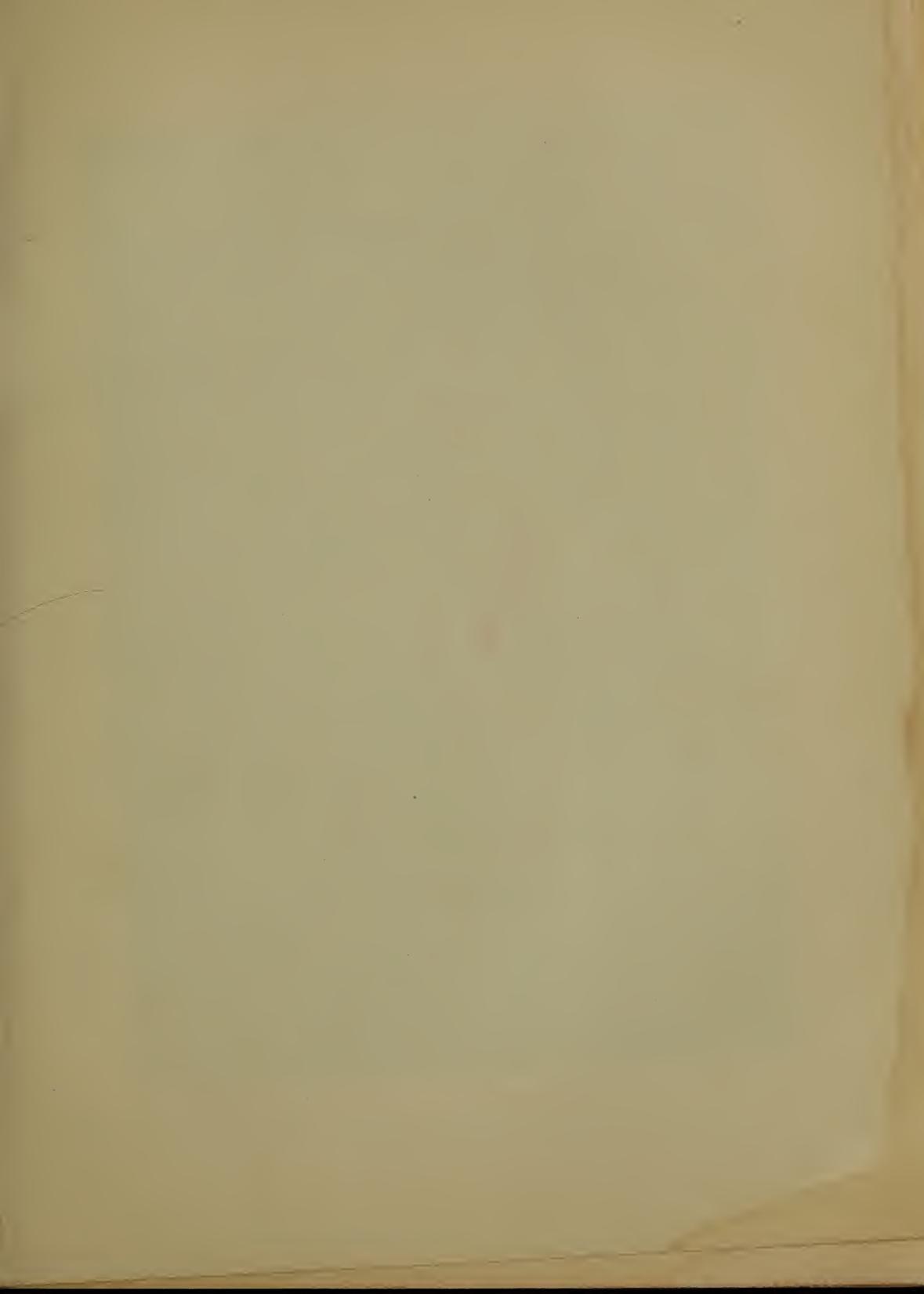
“Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, ‘What is that, No-ko-mis?’
And the good No-ko-mis answered:
‘Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
‘Tis her body that you see there.’



“Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, ‘What is that, No-ko-mis?’
And the good No-ko-mis answered:
‘Tis the heaven of flowers you see
there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.’



“When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
‘What is that?’ he cried in terror;
‘What is that?’ he said, ‘No-ko-mis?’
And the good No-ko-mis answered:
‘That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.’”







Then the little Hiawatha
“Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,
Called them ‘Hiawatha’s Chickens.’



“Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene’er he met them,
Called them ‘Hiawatha’s Brothers.’”

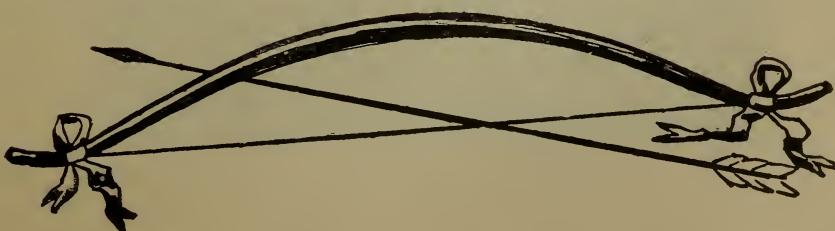
Thus, among the fields and forests,
Hiawatha grew to be a big boy.

One day, while he was sitting in the
wigwam, an old man, named Ia-goo,
came to see No-ko-mis.

This Ia-goo was a great traveller and
had long been a friend of No-ko-mis.

Seeing that Hiawatha was now a big
boy, Ia-goo said that he ought to have
a bow and arrows, and learn to shoot.

So, taking Hiawatha with him into
the forest, Ia-goo showed him how to
make a bow for himself.





LAGOO.

“From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with
feathers,
And the cord was made of deer-skin.”

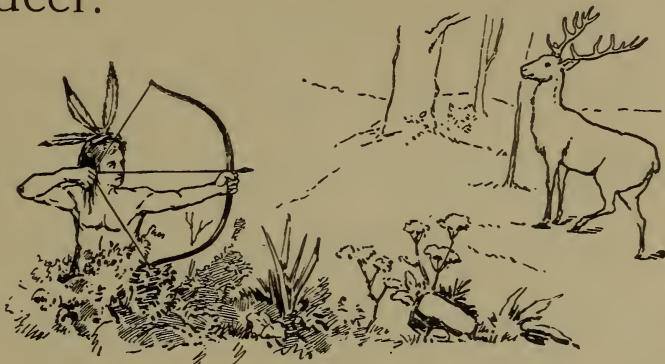
“Then he said to Hiawatha:
‘Go, my son, into the forest.
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a deer with antlers! ’ ”

“Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
‘Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!’



“Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-
tree,
Laughed, and said between his laugh-
ing,
‘Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!’
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
‘Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!’

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red
deer."



Soon his sharp eyes saw a red deer.
He knelt down on one knee and took
aim. It was a good shot, the deer fell,
and proudly Hiawatha carried it home.

Every one praised him for his suc-
cess, and he was very proud and happy.

Then No-ko-mis took the skin off
the deer, and carefully dried it. It
would make a good winter cloak for
little Hiawatha.

The meat No-ko-mis cut up and cooked, and invited all their friends to come and make a feast.

No-ko-mis was as pleased when Hiawatha caught a very large fish, or killed a deer, as your mother is when you have good lessons at school.

And Hiawatha's lessons were often hard to learn. He had to learn to shoot, to swim, to climb, to fish, to hunt. He must learn the meaning of every sign and of every sound in the water or in the woods.

Thus our little Indian baby grew to be a big, strong boy, and at last a young man.

“Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

“Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and
swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!”

Now that Hiawatha had grown to be a man, he wished very much to visit the land of his birth in the far, far west, to see the Great Rocky Mountains, the home of the West Wind.

No-ko-mis often warned him of the dangers on the road, of the dark forests and lonely prairies.

“But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman’s warning,



From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings;
Richly wrought with quills and wam-pum,



“On his head his
eagle feathers,
Round his waist
his belt of wam-
pum,
In his hand his
bow of ash-
wood,

Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with
feathers;

“So he journeyed westward, west-
ward,

Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes

Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains
To the kingdom of the West-Wind."

Here Hiawatha spent many days,
learning many things and thinking
much.

At last it seemed to him that the
Spirit of the Mountains spoke to him,
saying,—

"Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing grounds and rivers"

So Hiawatha turned his footsteps
homeward.



“Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused and halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

“There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.



“With him dwelt his dark-eyed
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sun-
shine,

Tresses flowing like the water,

And as musical a laughter;

And he named her from the river,

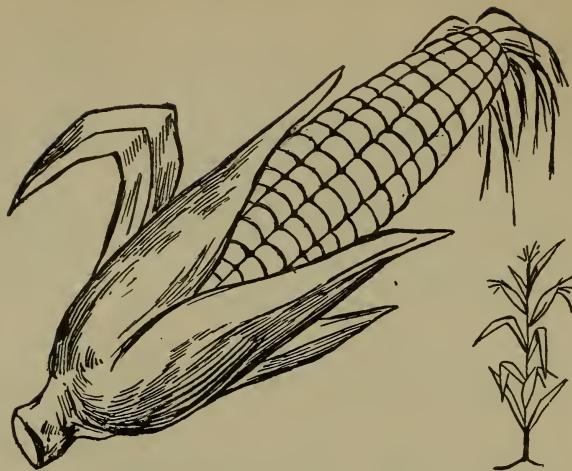
From the water-fall he named her,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

“Was it then for heads of arrows,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs?

“Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water,
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the
branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?”





THE GIFT OF CORN.

When Hiawatha reached home, he told No-ko-mis of his visit to the Great Mountains, and what the Spirit of the Mountains had said to him.

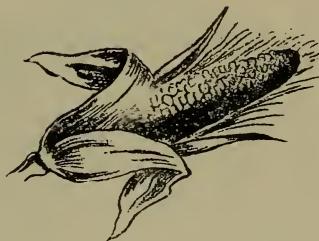
He wanted to start at once to help his people. But he did not know how to begin. So he went all alone into the deep forest, to spend seven days and nights in fasting and prayer to the Great Spirit.

“On the fourth day of his fasting
He saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

‘I,’ said the young man, ‘am Mon-
da-min, the friend of man,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed
for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!””

Four times they wrestled. At last Mon-da-min cried "You have wrestled bravely, and the Master of Life, who sees us, will give to you the triumph!"



When I am dead,—
"Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm
me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me."

“‘Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.’”

It happened as he had said.
Mon-da-min fell to the ground, breath-
less, lifeless; his green robes all torn.

And Hiawatha—

“Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mon-
da-min,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth and made it
Soft and loose and light above him.”

All winter, till the spring and the sunshine came again, Hiawatha watched the grave of Mon-da-min.

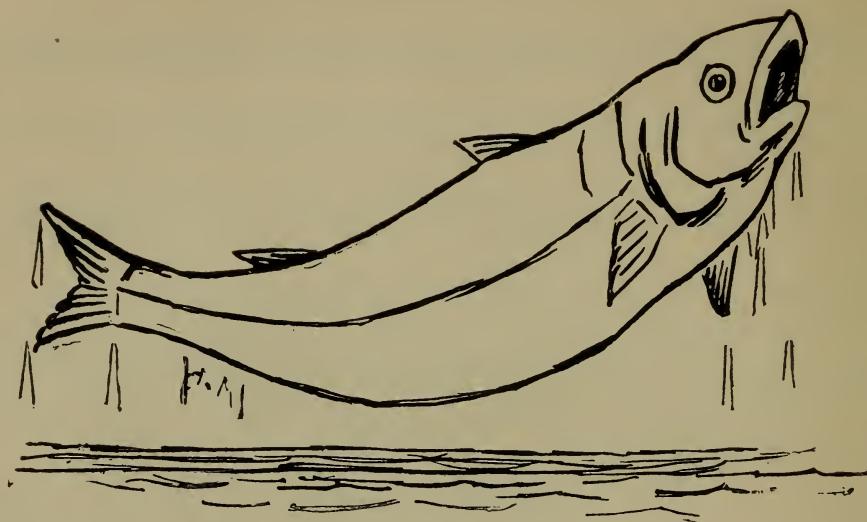
“Till at length a small green feather From the earth shot slowly upward, Then another and another, And before the summer ended Stood the maize in all its beauty, With its shining robes about it, And its long, soft, yellow tresses; And in gladness Hiawatha Cried aloud, ‘It is Mon-da-min! Yes, the friend of man, Mon-da-min!’”



“And still later, when the Autumn

Changed the long green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off
them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first feast of Mon-da-min,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit."





HIAWATHA'S CANOE.

You remember that Hiawatha's wigwam was near the great lake, called the Big-Sea-Water.

In this lake there was a huge fish, so great that it frightened all the Indians when they went fishing.

They called it Nah-ma, and thought there must be an evil spirit in it.

Remembering what the Spirit of

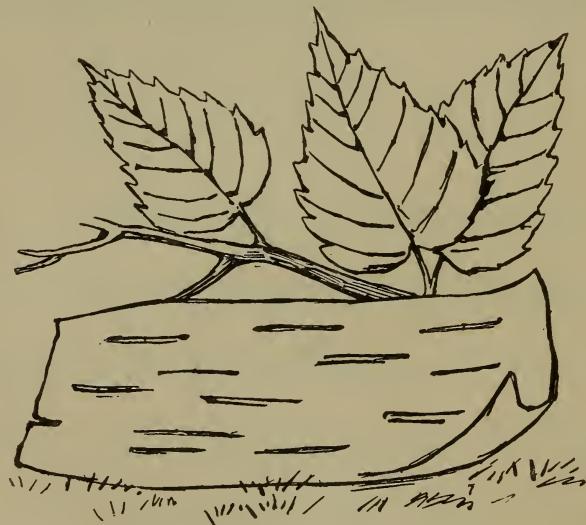
the Mountains had told him, "to clear the fishing grounds and rivers," Hiawatha made up his mind to catch that great fish. But first he must make for himself a strong canoe or boat.

So Hiawatha went into the forest to ask the help of his friends, the trees.

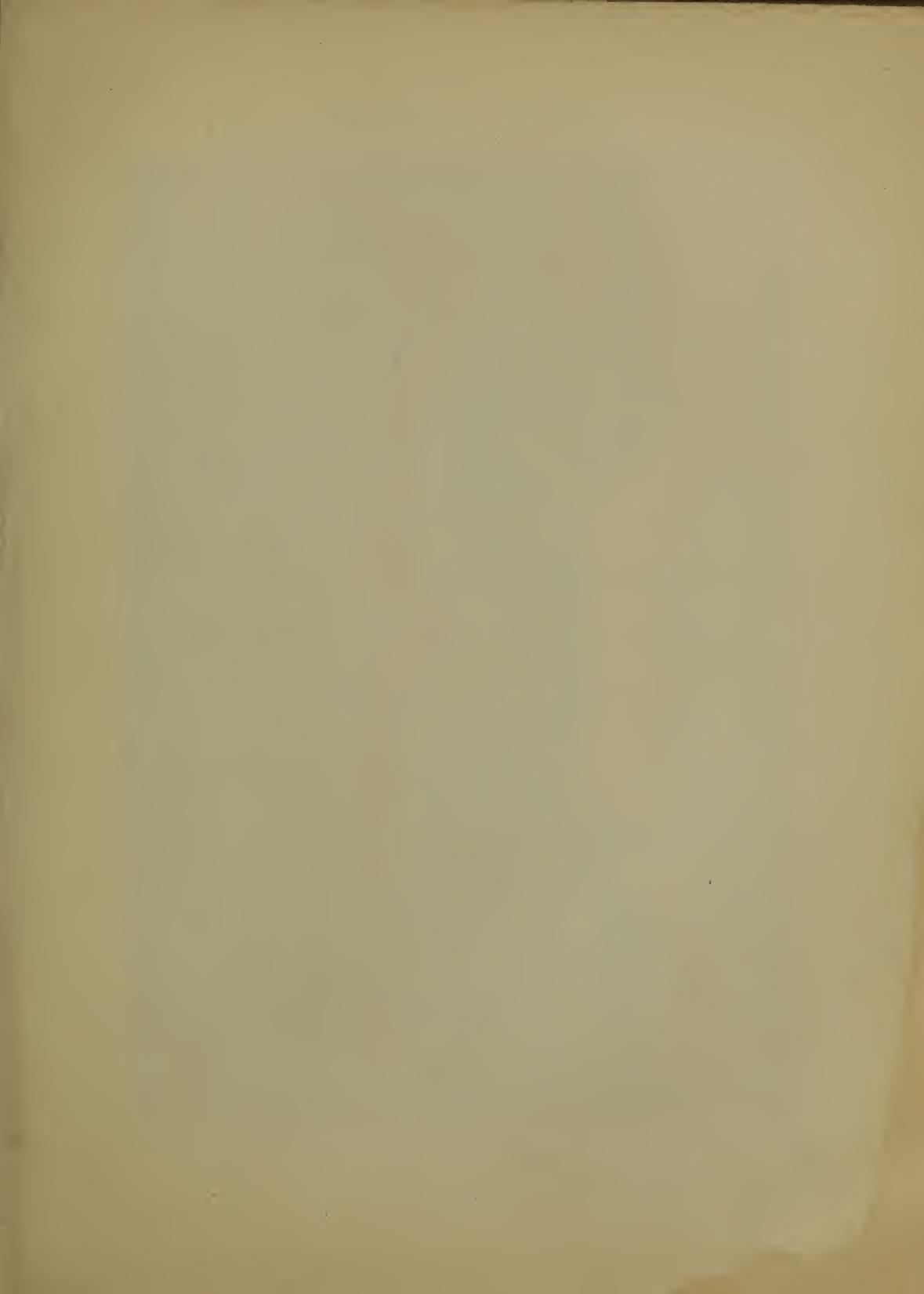
To the Birch tree he said:—

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!"

‘Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!’



“And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
‘Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!’”



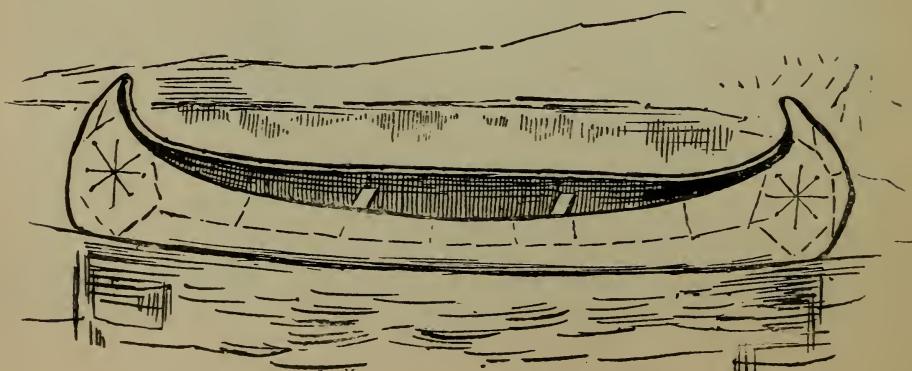




Then he turned to the cedar:—
“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath
me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
But it whispered, bending downward,
‘Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!’”

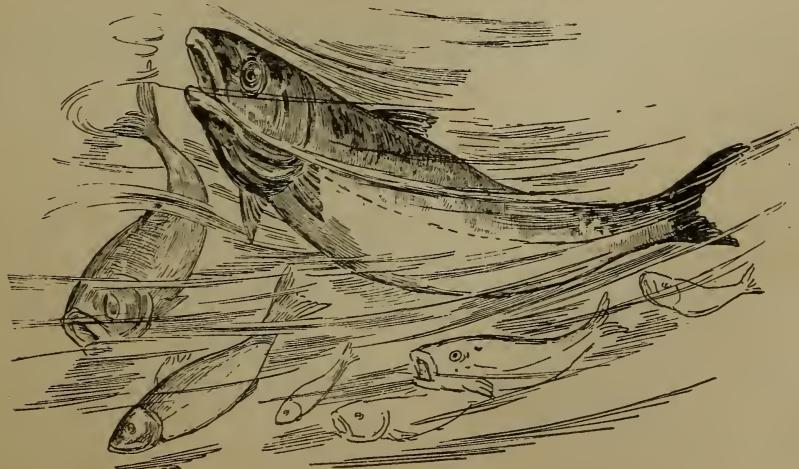
“Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest’s life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch’s supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.”



How proud Hiawatha was of his
beautiful birch canoe!

Far out on the shining Big-Sea-
Water all alone sailed Hiawatha.

“Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom.”





“At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches.”

Hiawatha had now made up his mind to conquer that great fish.

He tried many, many times. At last, after a great struggle, he succeeded.

He had caught Nah-ma, the King-of-Fishes.

Eagerly he drew the huge monster
to shore.

All the tribe came to see it.

“Three whole days and nights
Old No-ko-mis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nah-ma,
Till the waves washed through the rib-
bones,
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nah-ma.”





THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

MINNEHAHA.

But all this time Hiawatha had not forgotten Laughing Water.

Often the young man sat at evening dreaming of the beautiful maiden he had seen on his journey westward,

Minnehaha, the lovely Laughing Water.

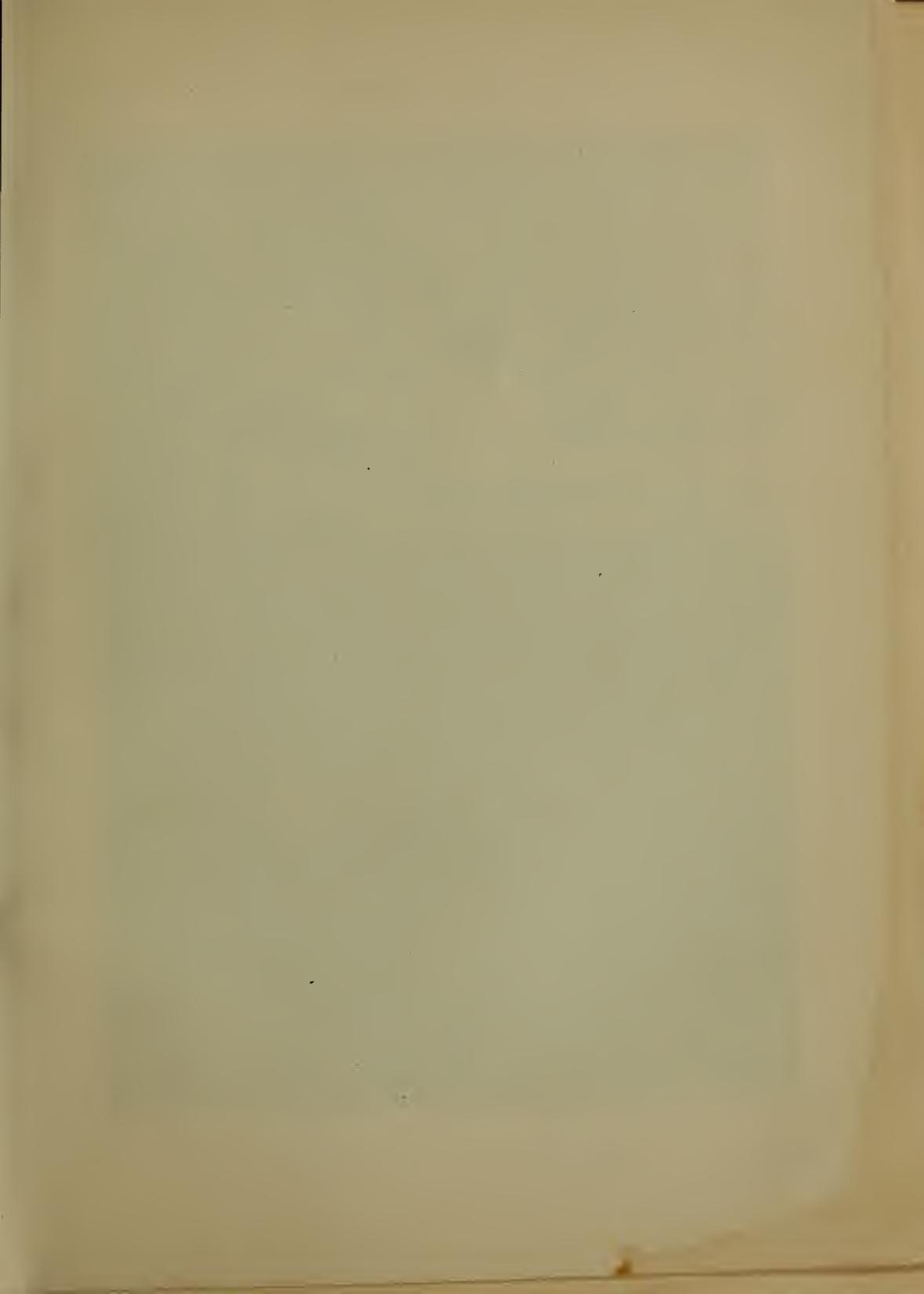
No-ko-mis, who suspected the cause of his silence, never failed to urge him to wed a maiden of his people, saying:

“Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!”

But Hiawatha answered,—

“Dear old No-ko-mis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!”





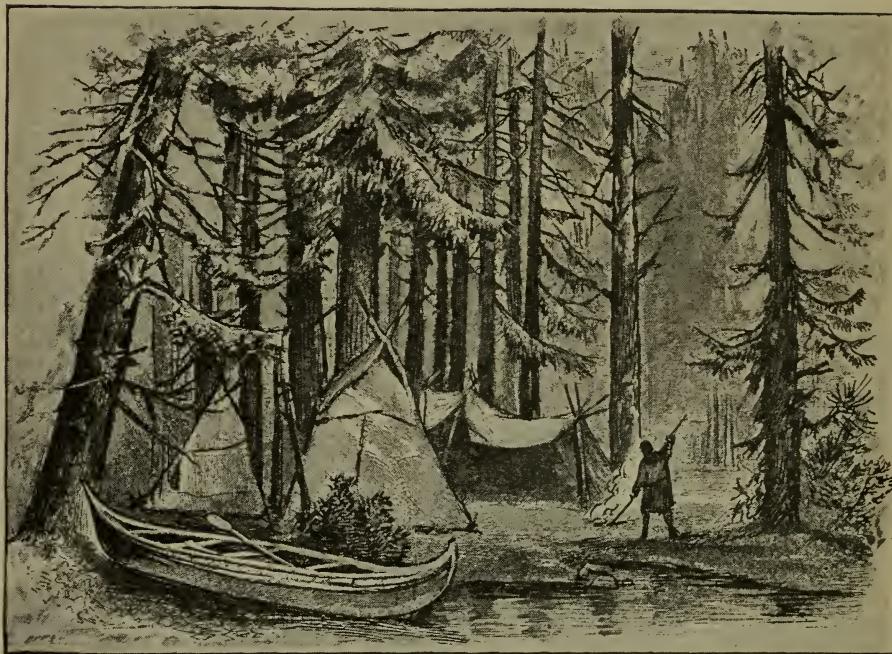


“Gravely then said old No-ko-mis:

‘Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands !’

“Smiling answered Hiawatha:

‘In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker’s daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people !’ ”



So Hiawatha prepared himself for the long journey.

Many days and nights he had to travel, through dark forests, over lonely prairies and across rushing rivers.



Just before he reached the Arrow-maker's wigwam, Hiawatha saw some deer feeding.

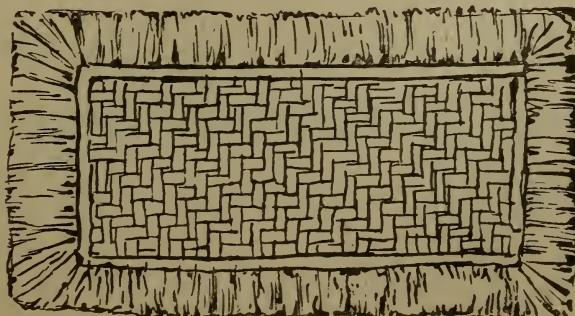
Knowing that, according to Indian custom, he ought to carry a present to his future bride,—

“To his bow he whispered, ‘Fail not!’
To his arrow whispered, ‘Swerve not!’
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.



“At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man’s thoughts
were,
And the maiden’s of the future.”

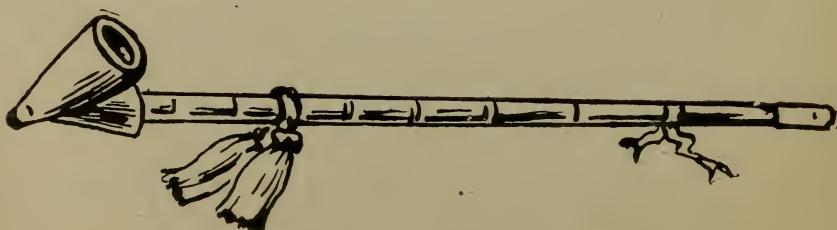
“She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father’s arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.



“Through their thoughts they heard
a footstep,

Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands,
Hiawatha stood before them.

“Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,



Saying as he rose to meet him,
‘Hiawatha, you are welcome!’

“At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoul-
ders;

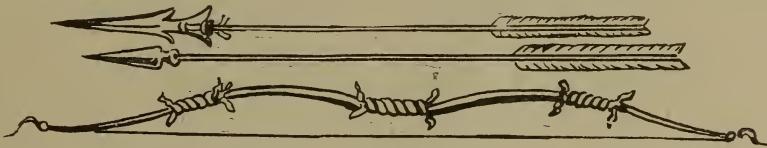


And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
‘You are welcome, Hiawatha!’



“Then uprose fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before
them,
Water brought them from the brook-
let,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-
wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,

Listened while her father answered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha.



“After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.
That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more
closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!”

“And the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
‘Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!’

“And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood
there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him.

While she said, and blushed to say it,
‘I will follow you, my husband!’

“This was Hiawatha’s wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

“From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the
meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
‘Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!’

“Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.



“Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and
slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,

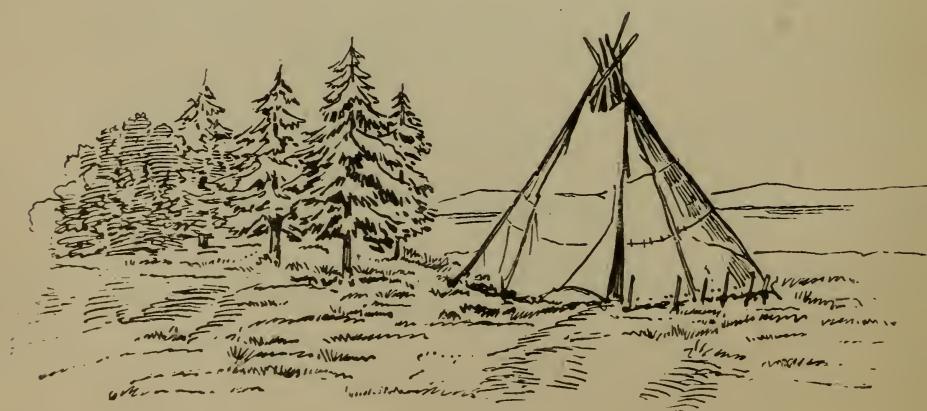
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

“ All the traveling winds went with
them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest.

“ Pleasant was the journey home-
ward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's ease;
Sang the bluebird, the O-wais-sa,
‘ Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you! ’
Sang the O-pe-chee, the Robin,
‘ Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband! ’

“Thus it was they journeyed home-
ward;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old No-ko-mis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, fire-
light,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.”





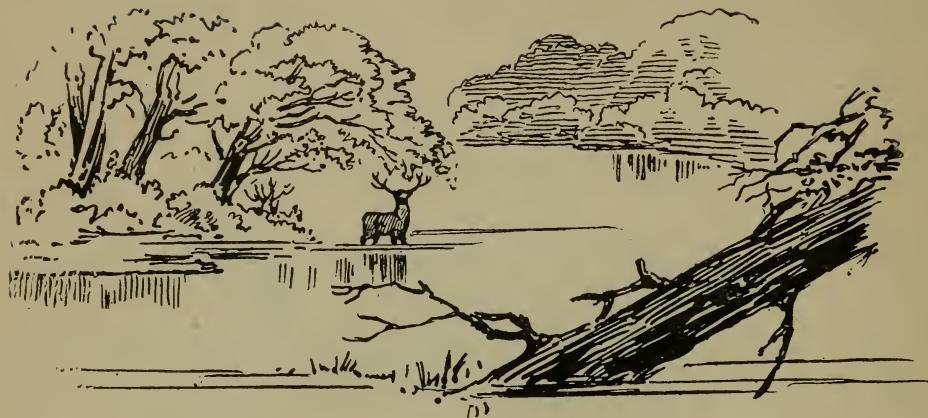
AT HOME.

No-ko-mis welcomed the strange maiden and gave a feast in her honor

All now was happiness in the lodge by the Big-Sea-Water.

No-ko-mis had two children to love and wait upon her.

Peace and plenty seemed to bless the land.



“There was peace among the nations;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver.”





And the women:—

“Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.
All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shin-
ing,
Filling all the land with plenty.

“Twas the women who in Spring-time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mon-da-min.

“And the maize-field grew and ripened,

Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

“Then No-ko-mis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:
‘Tis the Moon when leaves are falling;



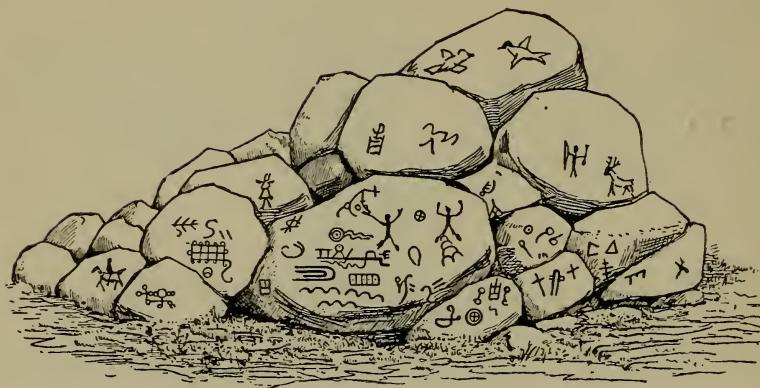
All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mon-da-min,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow!'



“And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With No-ko-mis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round
them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize ear.



“On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the bluejays,
Heard them singing like the robins.”



PICTURE-WRITING.

“ ‘In those days,’ said Hiawatha,
‘Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters.
‘Great men die and are forgotten,

Wise men speak; their words of wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,

‘On the graveposts of our fathers

Are no signs, no figures painted;

Who are in those graves we know not,

Only know they are our fathers.

‘Face to face we speak together,

But we cannot speak when absent,

Cannot send our voices from us

To the friends that dwell afar off;

Cannot send a secret message,

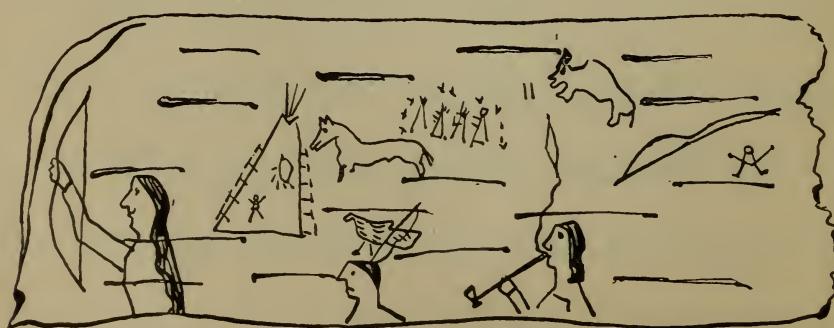
But the bearer learns our secret,

May pervert it, may betray it,

May reveal it unto others.’

“Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.

“From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

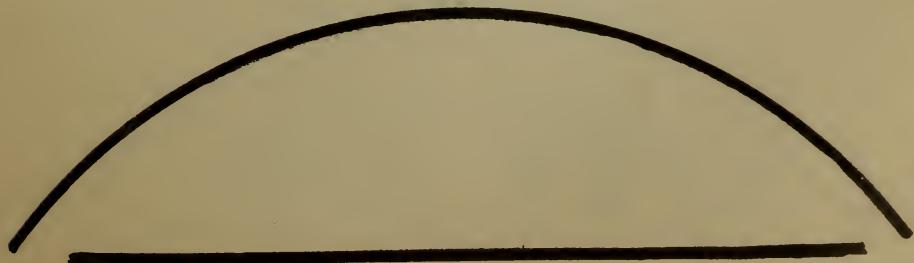


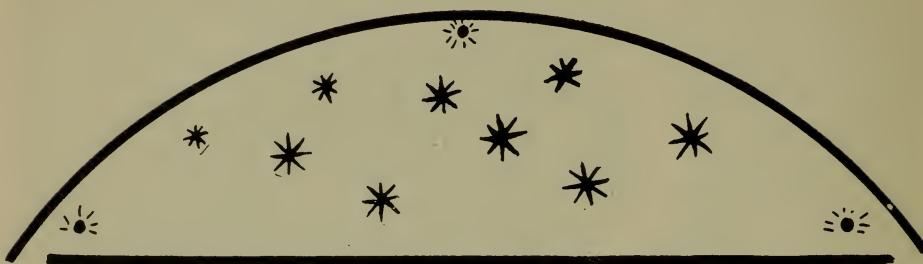




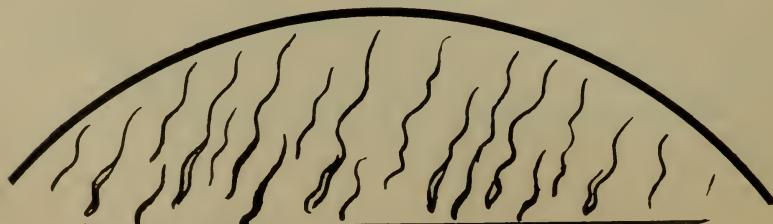
“Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

“For the earth he drew a straight
line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for daytime,





Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

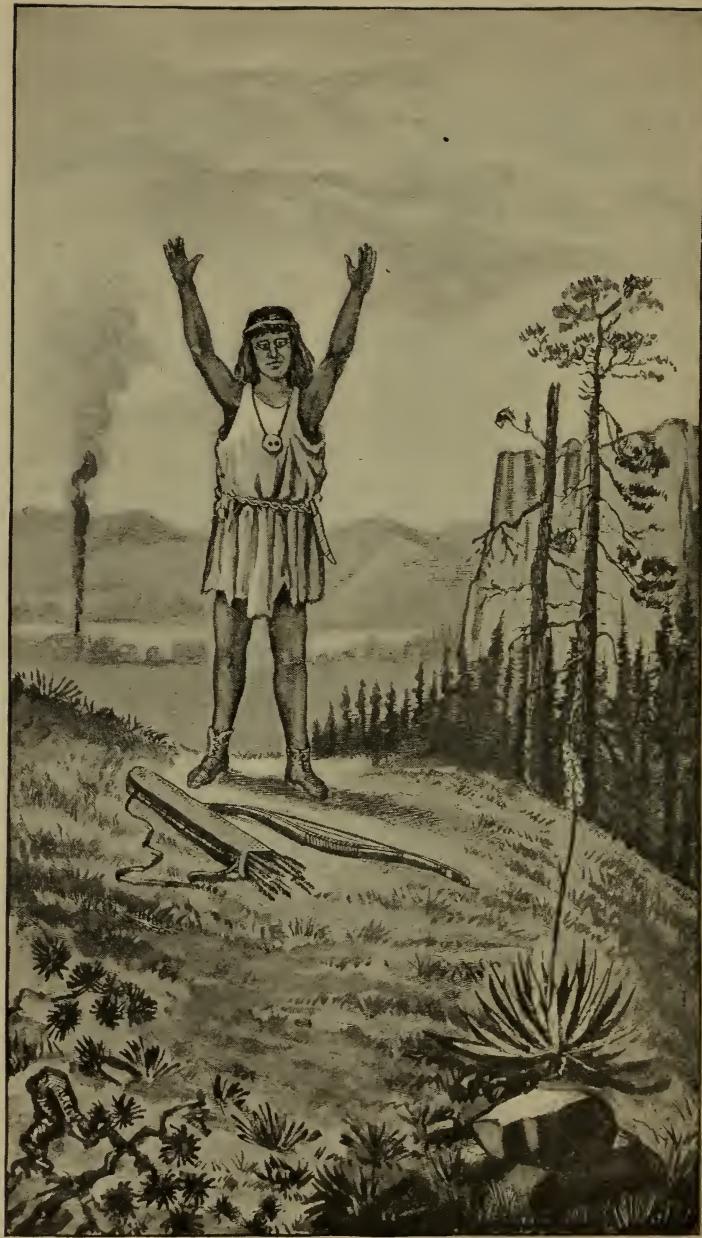




“Footprints pointing towards a wig-wam

Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.”





INDIAN SIGNALLING.

“All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said, ‘Behold, your grave-
posts

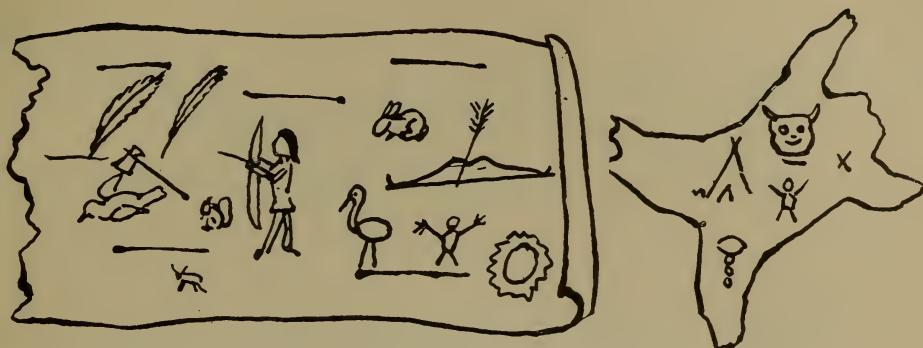
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,
Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them.’

“And they painted on the graveposts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each the symbol of his household ;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token

That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

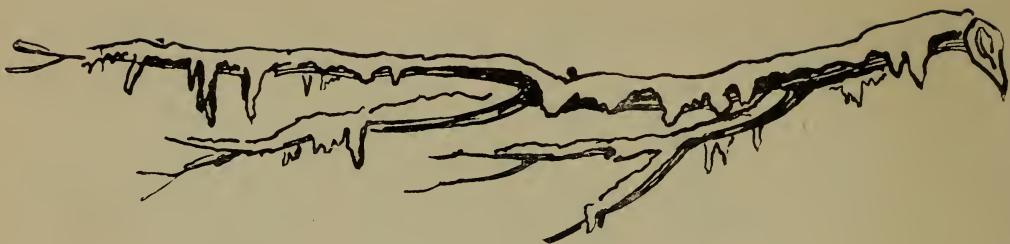


“And the Medicine men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,



Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

“Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave posts of the village.”



THE FAMINE.

Many years of prosperity and happiness had now blessed the land, and no thought was given for the future.

The women planted in the summer, and the men hunted in the winter. There always seemed plenty.

But at last a dreadful, bitter winter set in.

There had been a very small harvest and, still worse, there was sickness in nearly every lodge. A strange

burning fever had stricken down many.
And now came dreadful snow storms
and terrible cold weather.



“Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper

Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

“Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found
none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weaknes.
Perished there from cold and hunger.

“Forth into the empty forest,
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,

With his quiver full of arrows,

Into the vast and vacant forest

On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

‘Give your children food, O father!’

Cried he with his face uplifted,

‘Give us food, or we must perish!

Give me food for Minnehaha,

For my dying Minnehaha!’

“But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,

‘Minnehaha! Minnehaha!’

“All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,



Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife home-
ward

From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble
'I will follow you, my husband!'

“In the wigwam with No-ko-mis,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
‘Hark!’ she said; ‘I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!’
‘No, my child!’ said old No-ko-mis,
‘Tis the night wind in the pine-trees!’
‘Look!’ she said, ‘I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!’
‘No, my child!’ said old No-ko-mis,
‘Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!’
‘Ah!’ said she, ‘the eyes of Pau-guk

Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness,
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

"And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

"Over snow-fields waste and pathless
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard No-ko-mis moaning, wailing;
'Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!'

“And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old No-ko-mis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.”



“Then he sat down, still and speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

“With both hands his face he
covered,

Seven long days and nights he sat
there.

“Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome.
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed her in her richest garments,



Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermin
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

“And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished.
Might not leave her in the darkness.”

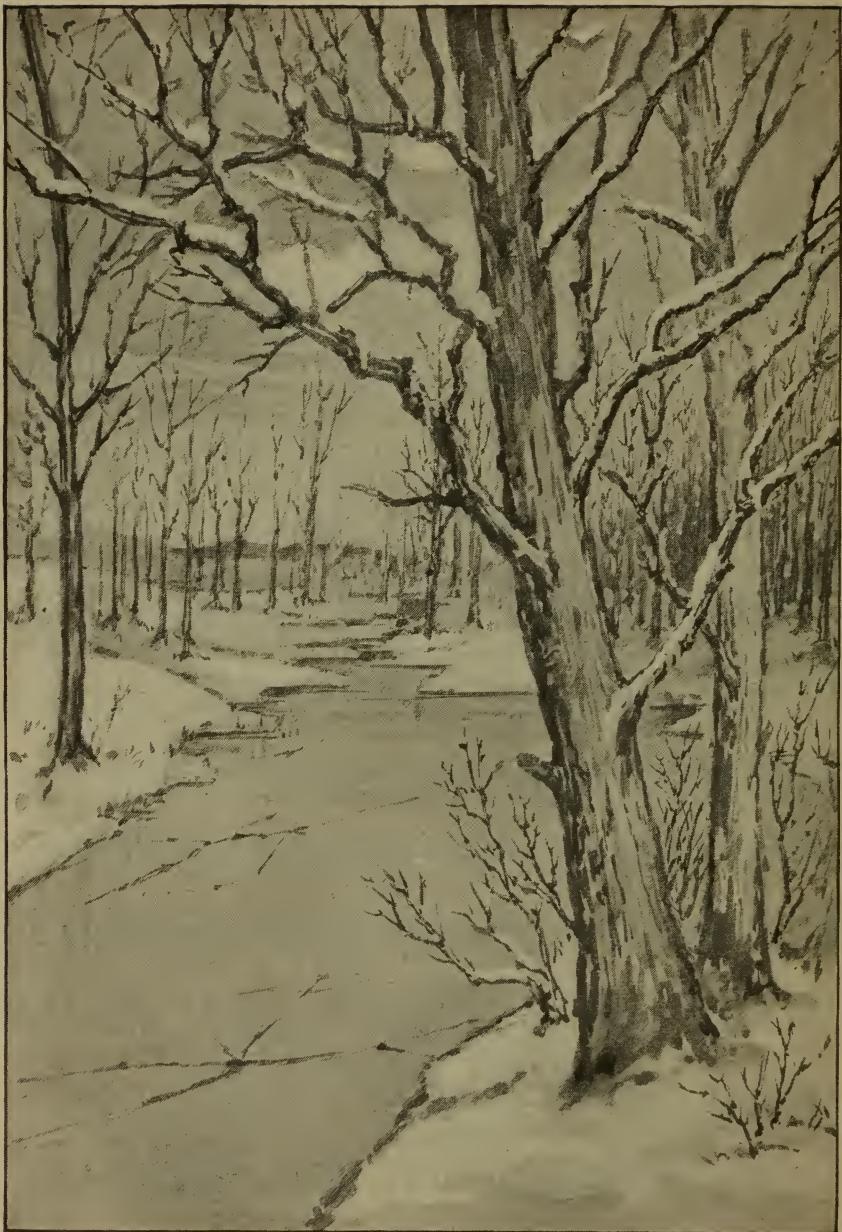
“‘Farewell!’ said he, ‘Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the land of the Hereafter! ’”





SPRING.

“In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,



Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

“All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,



As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered,
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,

Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented
grasses :

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

“‘Ah, my son!’ exclaimed the old
man,

‘Happy are my eyes to see you,
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together,
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have traveled;

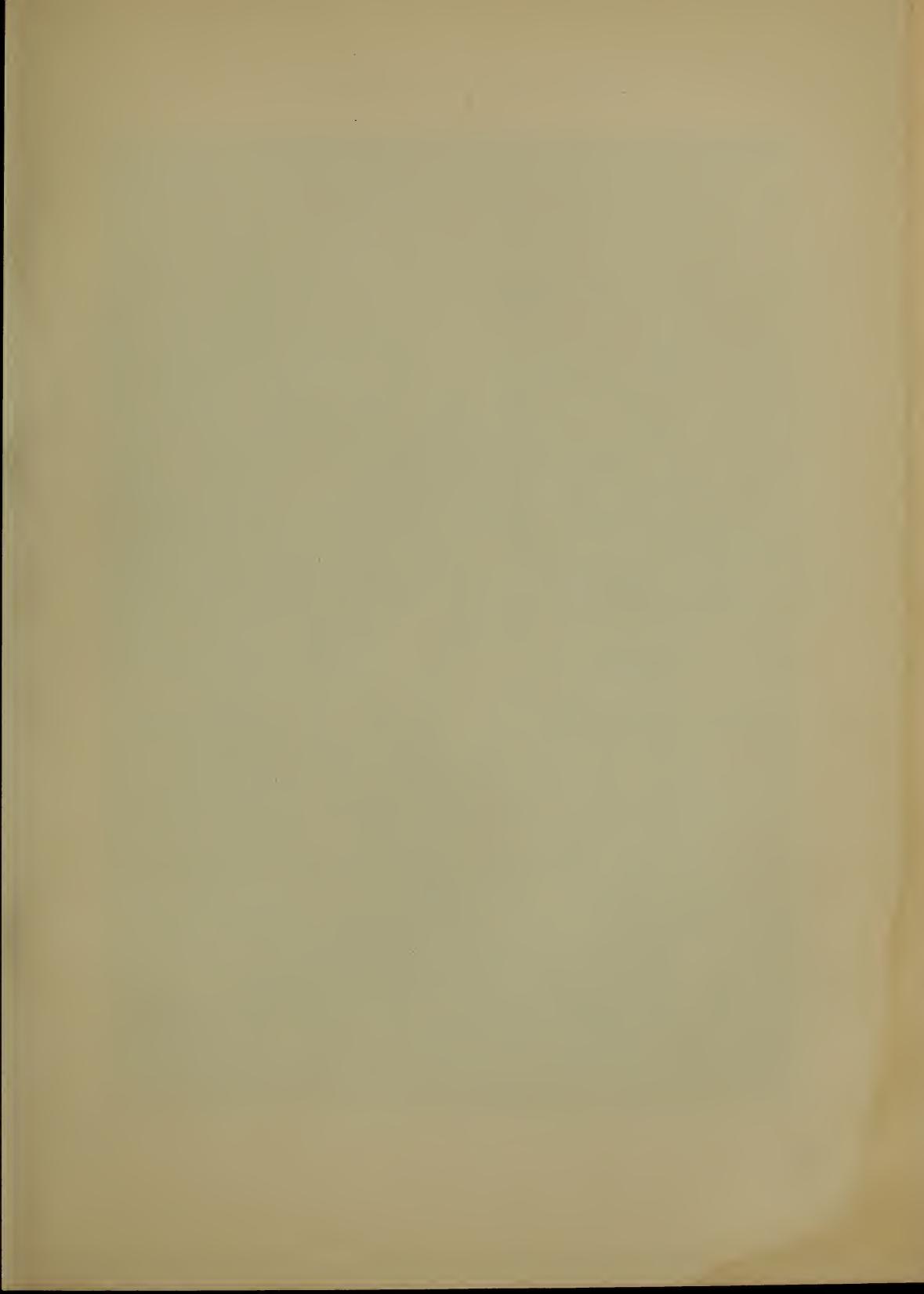
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder.'



"From his pouch he drew his peace-
pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe head,
And the stem a reed with feathers,
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,



Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:
“‘When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers.
Hard as stone becomes the water!’”







“And the young man answered, smiling:

‘When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o’er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!’

“‘When I shake my hoary tresses,’
Said the old man darkly frowning,
‘All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where’er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flint-stone!’





“‘When I shake my flowing ringlets,’
Said the young man softly laughing,
‘Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where’er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!’



“While they spake, the night
departed:

From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, ‘Behold me!’

“Then the old man’s tongue was
speechless.

And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

“And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Pe-bo-an, the Winter!

“From his eyes the tears were flowing
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,

And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and
smouldered
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time.

“Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

“In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the blue-bird, the O-wais-sa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the O-pe-chee, the robin,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the O-me-mee, the pigeon.



And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.”

THE WHITE MAN.

“From his wanderings far to eastward,

From the regions of the morning,
Homeward now returned Ia-goo,
The great traveler, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

“And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise :
‘Ugh ! it is indeed Ia-goo !
No one else beholds such wonders !’



“He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, ‘It cannot be so!
Kaw!’ they said ‘It cannot be so.’

“O’er it, said he, o’er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!

And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
'Kaw!' they said, 'we don't believe it!'



"In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were
covered!"

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks,
'Kaw!' they said, 'what lies you tell
us!'

Do not think that we believe them!'

"Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
'True is all Ia-goo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wa-bun.



“The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them thither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.

“Let us welcome then the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart’s right hand of friend-
ship

Give them when they come to see us.



“I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.

In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

“Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloudlike;
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!””



HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

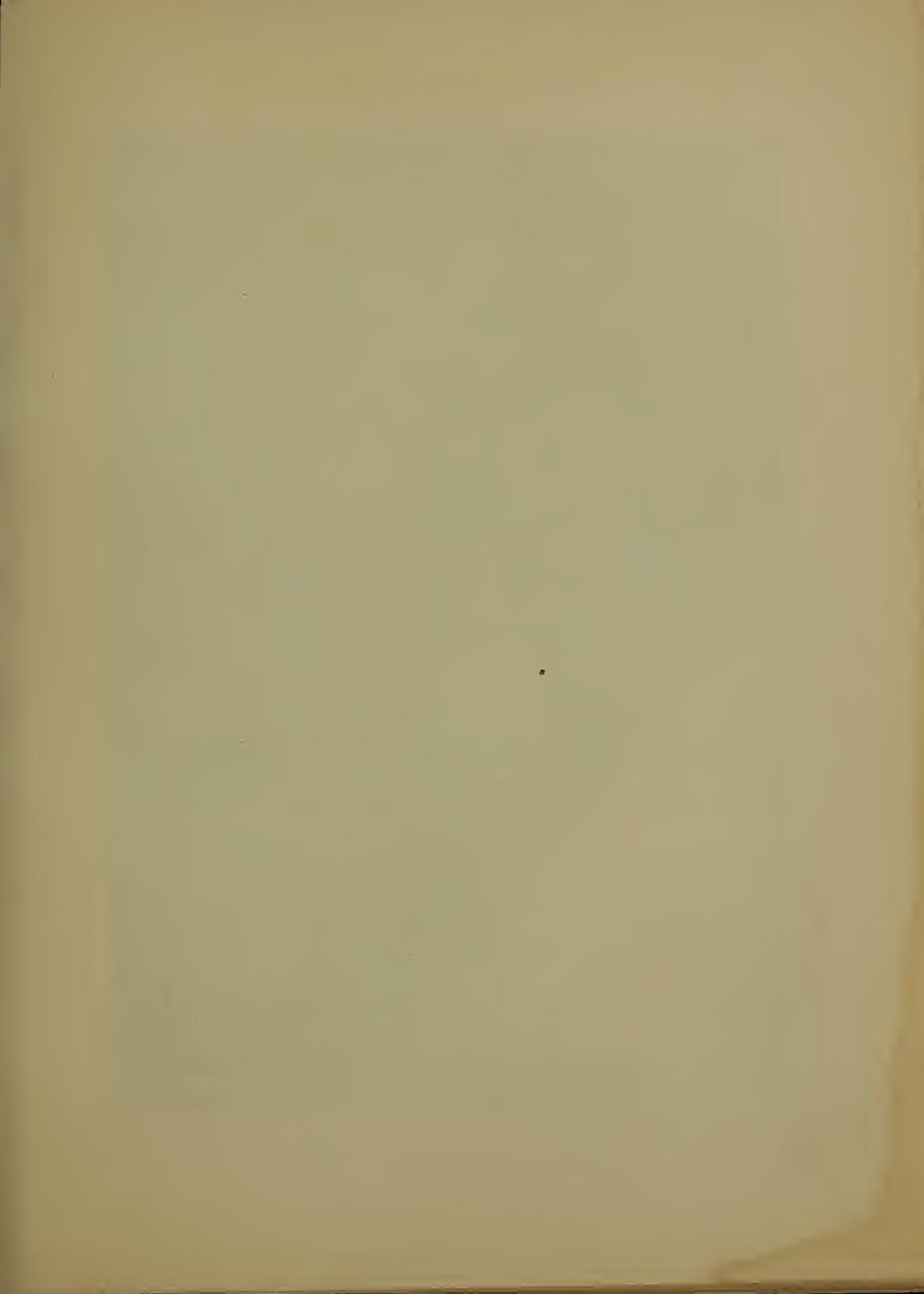
“By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the door-way of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

“Bright above him shone the
heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;

From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest,
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

“ From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.

“ Toward the sun his hands were
lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders.







“O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed
flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

“Was it Shin-ge-bis, the diver;
Was it the pelican, the Sha-da;
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wa-wa,
With the water dripping, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers?

“It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,



Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine ;
And within it came a people

From the distant land of Wa-bun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the
Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-
Face,
With his guides and his companions.

“And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin.
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
Face.

With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.



“Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
‘Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;

You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.'

"Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.'

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!'

“And the Black-robe chief made answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
‘Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people!’

“Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old No-ko-mis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-
wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.



“All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;
‘It is well,’ they said, ‘O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !

“In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;



Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-Face,

From the wigwam came to greet them;
‘It is well,’ they said, ‘O brother,
That you come so far to see us!’

“Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission.

“And the chiefs made answer, saying:

‘We have listened to your message,

We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!'

"Then they rose up and departed,
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wa-bun.





“ Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

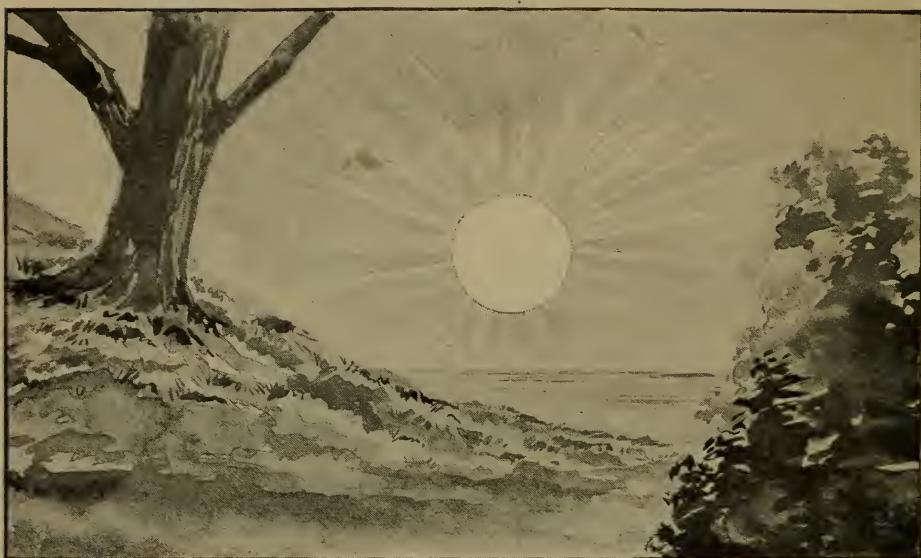
“ Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

“From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old No-ko-mis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slum-
bered ;

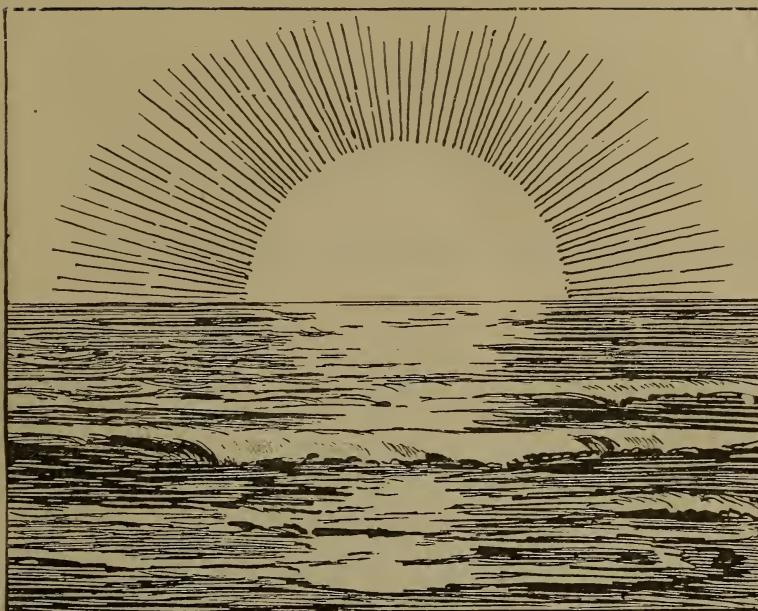
‘I am going, O No-ko-mis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!’

“Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

‘I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have van-
ished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morn-
ing!’



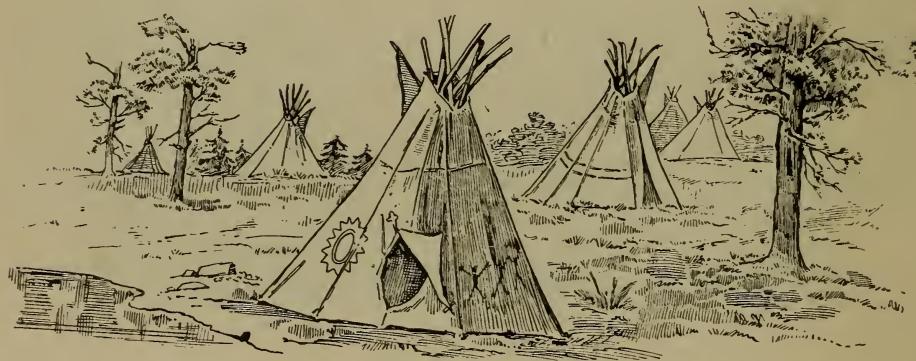
“On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at part-
ing;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, ‘Westward! west-
ward!’



And with speed it darted forward.

“And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream as down a river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset.
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

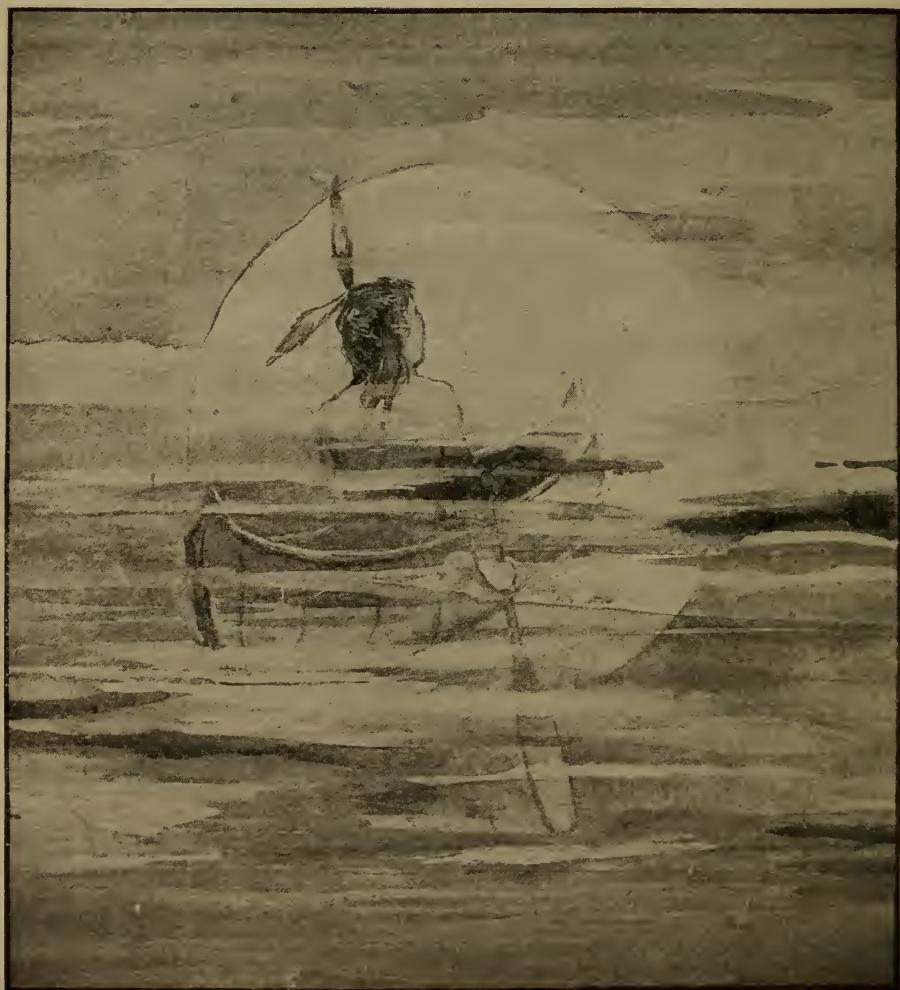


“And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

“And they said, ‘Farewell forever!’
Said, ‘Farewell, O Hiawatha!’
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of
darkness,
Sighed, ‘Farewell, O Hiawatha!’
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, ‘Farewell, O Hiawatha!’
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands
Screamed, ‘Farewell, O Hiawatha!’

“Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,

To the regions of the home-wind,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

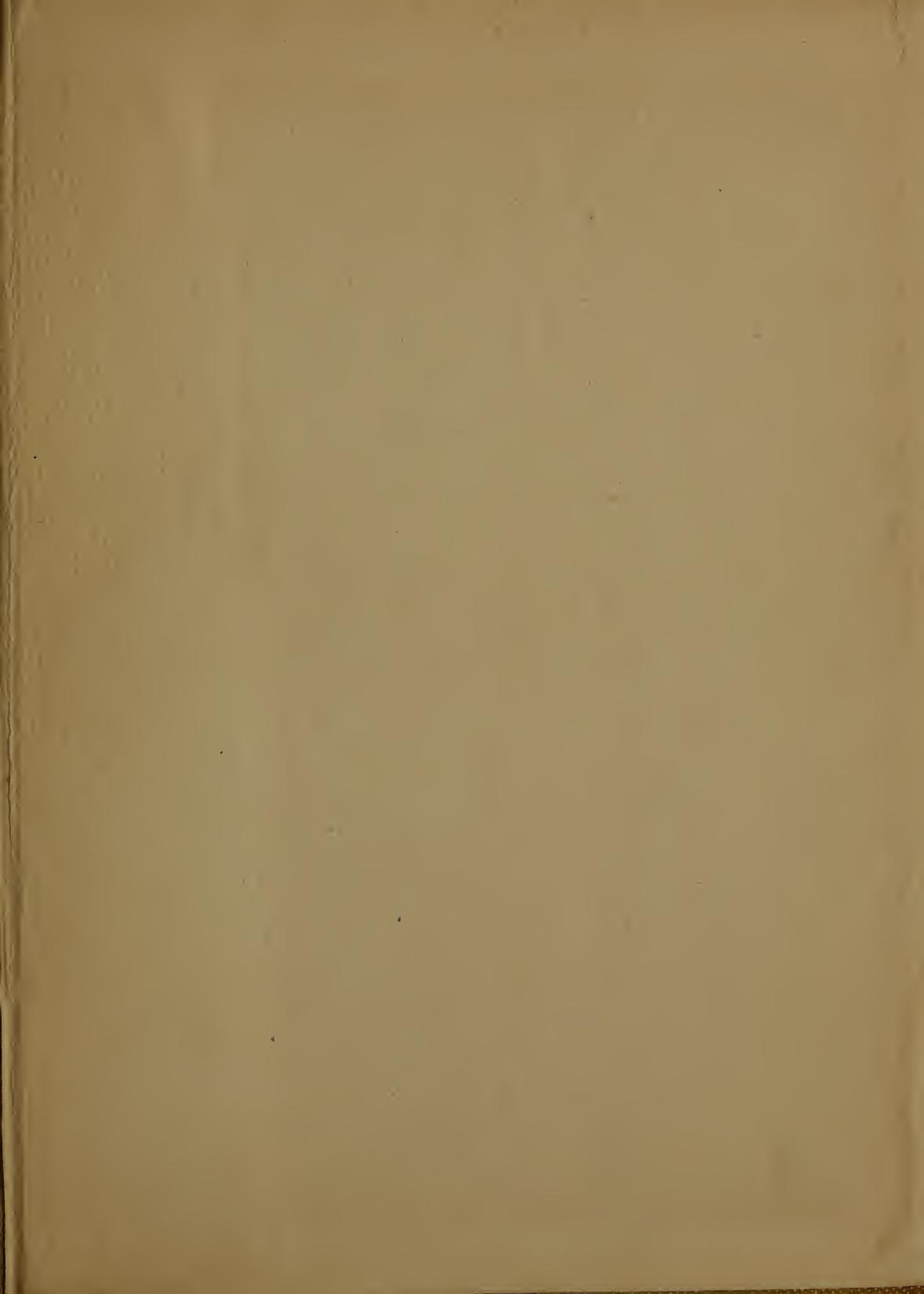


JUN 7 - 1902

JUN - 6 1902

1 COPY DEL. TO CAT. DIV.

JUN. 7 1902



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 821 693 0